

## FACING DEATH TO THRILLING DAYS

American Press Association  
Man With Villa Took Life  
In His Hands.

By JAMES WARE.

(Mr. Ware, a photographer of the American Press Association, accompanied General Villa's rebel army in Mexico from Saltillo. In a preceding article he devoted himself to the rebel chief, and now he relates various experiences, incidents and impressions.)

IT'S all very well to laugh about it when you get back, but when you are some fifteen hundred miles in the interior of a country like Mexico and there's trouble and danger on every side you are not much in the humor. I know I was not. To be quite candid, the thought uppermost in my mind every night when I went to "bed" was, "Will I wake up to be tortured to death or will I wake up at all?" And there was a very good reason for these gloomy apprehensions. Here was I, a lone American, with Villa's army far away from any zone of protection and without news of the outside world. Suppose word arrived that the American soldiers were advancing from Vera Cruz. Imagine what would happen to me! I knew it would be all off in such an event—I'd never see the white lights of Broadway again. My one consolation was the knowledge that I was reasonably safe barring untoward developments, as my government was favoring the cause of the Constitutionalists.

I say reasonably safe advisedly, for during my stay in the turbulent republic the fact that it explained my real status was brought home to me



Photo by American Press Association.  
WARE ON HANDICAP ON WHICH HE RODE THROUGH MOUNTAIN SLEDS.

more than once. My first exposure to grave peril came with the burning of Nuevo Laredo, Mexico, on the border. I arrived there when the federals were dynamiting and burning the city. American sharpshooters were picking off the Mexicans who were trying to blow up the international bridge. I wanted to cross that bridge to take pictures, but Colonel Crane warned me not to. "It looks like sure death if you do," he said. Finally he yielded, permitting me to make the passage at my own risk.

### Thought His Day Had Come.

Arrived on the Mexican side, I was met by fifteen mounted Mexicans much the worse for liquor consumed in the raid on Nuevo Laredo. They were conducting themselves in a boisterous and gleeful manner, shooting off guns in the air in celebration of the federal evacuation. They immediately surrounded me, regarding me, dressed as I was in an American army shirt and hat, as an American soldier. It was a mighty uncomfortable moment. Yet to my surprise they allowed me to enter the city when I made known my business. But an adventure was in store for me. It came when I went to the car shops about three miles out to take pictures of the destruction that had been wrought there.

As I was approaching one of the crude fortifications a Mexican scouting party cried upon me to give the countersign. I didn't know what they meant. Standing there looking down the nose of a rusted old Mauser and ignorant of what was expected of me, I felt I was in for it good and proper. Sure enough I was. After failing to explain my mission I was escorted at the point of a gun to the headquarters and prison. On the way I asked my captor by making signs to pose for the camera. He readily consented.

At the prison good luck favored me. There I met Captain Pabaz, who made amends for my arrest. He permitted me to photograph the prisoners and officers in the prison yard, presented me with a box of his best cigars and took me riding in his automobile. He could understand English, but could not speak it. Eventually we became excellent friends, and he escorted me with his company on the journey to Monterey.

### Ware as a Diplomat.

At Monterey, on the way to Saltillo, where was anticipated one of the biggest battles of the revolution, I saw an

## TAKE PICTURES; DOWN IN MEXICO

Tact and Good Fortune Got  
Him Out of Difficulties.  
Relates Experiences.

opportunity to take a flashlight of a group of officers assembled in a cafe. While I was getting ready to make the picture a surly young captain under Gonzalez did all he could to spoil it and show his disgust for the Americans. Two other Americans were with me and when they saw what I was about to do they said, "We're going to beat it," they said. "You're blurring with bullets."

Later one of the officers asked me to drink a glass of champagne. I would not have dared refuse, as to do that would in Mexican eyes be regarded as an unpardonable affront.

I had my wits about me and drank to the success of the Constitutional cause, thereby relieving an awkward situation. Yet even after this stroke of diplomacy my surly friend made some remarks in Spanish the nature of which I did not understand, though I knew they were not complimentary.

### Villa's Resourcefulness.

The most interesting incident and one not heretofore told so far as I know was that of how the Constitu-



Photo by American Press Association.  
CARLOAD OF DEAD SOLDIERS IN WHICH WOUNDED FEDERAL MID.

tionists captured Paredon and why the federals evacuated Saltillo. When Villa's scouts were marching on to Saltillo the federals met them at Paredon, fifteen miles south, with one of their heaviest armies in that vicinity. After the attack Villa discovered that he was outnumbered by thousands and foresaw defeat unless he could resort to masterful measures. After the fight had progressed an hour or two he summoned seventy-five of his mounted soldiers and ordered them to cut down a goodly quantity of mesquite trees, which grow in bush form. These he ordered tied to the horses and started his men riding through desert vantage points. The purpose of this was to create the impression in the federal ranks by raising great clouds of dust that he was being heavily re-enforced, and in this he was highly successful.

Outwitted and apprehensive, the federals thereupon retreated to Saltillo and reported the coming of Villa's troops with re-enforcements. In their haste to evacuate the city they had no time to set off mines to accomplish their destruction, as had been their purpose. But they did burn the large Casino, the finest in Mexico.

The result of this clever plan of the resourceful Villa was that his forces walked unmolested into Saltillo, and the rebel commander split his sides laughing over the success of his ruse.

### Ate by His Wit.

At Torreon I had an amusing experience in satisfying the wants of the inner man. I was unable to make the Mexican waiter understand by word of mouth what I wished to eat, so I resorted to my pen and drew a picture of a hen laying an egg and another picture of a hog. He laughed heartily and understood that I wanted ham and eggs. When these were set before me they were about as big as a silver dollar and cost me 60 cents American money.

On my first trip to Zacatecas, before the bloodiest battle of the revolution, I had a spectacular ride on a handicap to my destination. This handicap was propelled by four persons who had been directed by General Villa to take me wherever I wished to go. We started out at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, riding all night through mountains infested with wild animals and all the next day. The handicap had an acetylene lamp for a headlight, and frequently during the slow and tiresome journey I would espy the blazing green eyes of a wildcat or the great red eyes of a wolf as the beast crouched on the tracks directly in our path, fascinated by the glare of the light. More than once I thought we should hit one of the animals, but they always scampered off into the blackness of the night just in time to avoid being run down. I did some great shooting that night, and from yelps that followed my shots many of them took effect.

### A Live One Among the Dead.

At Zacatecas, following the battle, I witnessed an uncanny incident. A cartload of dead soldiers stood within a hundred yards of General Villa's car, and no notice seemed to be paid to it. When General Villa's atten-



Photo by American Press Association.  
MEXICAN WHO ARRESTED PHOTOGRAPHER WARE ON SUSPICION.

tion was called to this he asked why the bodies had not been burned. He was told there was no oil available for the purpose. He saw that it was supplied forthwith, and then it was that the incident to which I have referred occurred.

At the lighting of the first torch one of the "corpses," a wounded federal soldier, rose up among the dead in silent protest. He had been hiding among the bodies in the hope of escaping under cover of night. I suspect he was turned over to the mercy officer, that kindly individual whose function it is to dispose of the suffering.

After ten days in this place of horrors the split came between Villa and Carranza, and Villa ordered his entire army to return to Torreon.

### On Colonel Fierro's Train.

Coming home, after we arrived at Torreon following the fight at Zacatecas, we found no trains were leaving for the border. There had been cloud-bursts, and the roads had been washed out for eighteen days. After camping in the railroad yard for four days I noticed a freight train was being made up to carry Colonel Fierro, the man said to have killed Benton, the Englishman, and who had been wounded at Zacatecas. This train was bound for Juarez. I got aboard without permission, as I wanted to beat my rivals to the border with my pictures. This I did, arriving forty-eight hours before they appeared. En route at 8 o'clock the first night Colonel Fierro left his train at Santa Rosalia, despite his wound, a painful one in the thigh, to visit friends. He did not return until 2 p. m. the following day, and in the meantime we almost starved.

Fierro speaks English, and when we were within 150 miles of the border he said to me, pointing west to the mountains, "There's where my gold mines are; guess I'll stop the train and have a look at them." Suffering though he was, he rode his horse the distance, five miles at least. That's the Mexican of it; they won't give in even when they're dying. I saw a woman shot in the stomach by a stray bullet and her little girl, also wounded, walking the streets of Zacatecas two days after the battle without medical attention.

From Juarez I went by auto to El Paso, Tex., where I met all the newspaper men on the border, who evinced great interest in such of my experiences as I related. Then I boarded a train for home, thank God. My adventure in Mexico was over. I was as happy as a boy going to the circus for the first time. I was going to see the white lights of Broadway again, after all.

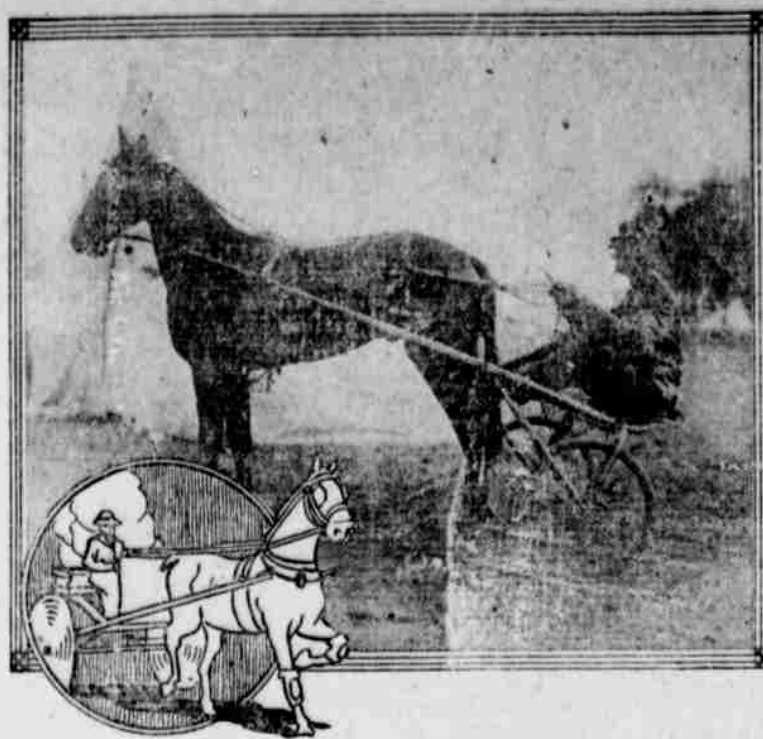
Most disgusting skin eruptions, scrofula, pimples, rashes, etc., are due to impure blood. Burdock Blood Bitters as a cleansing blood tonic, is well recommended. \$1.00 at all stores.

## This is a Sort of "Flagg Number"

- Look at the cover for our September issue, which goes to you under separate wrapper—it's by Flagg.
- Look at the frontispiece—it's by Flagg.
- Look at the illustrations for Edna Ferber's story—they are by Flagg.
- Look at the "I Should Say So" pages—they are always by Flagg.
- We don't have as much Flagg as this every month, but he is in every number.
- There isn't anybody in the illustrating or comic writing game nowadays to compare in popularity with James Montgomery Flagg—aged 37—one of the few artists on earth who makes enough money out of his profession to ride around New York City in a limousine.

The American Magazine for September

## U. Forbes, World's Record Beater



As a yearling at the eleventh annual Kentucky State Fair in 1913 this same youngster broke the world's half mile track record and bids fair to give a glowing account of himself as a two-year-old entry in the trotting stakes at the twelfth annual Kentucky State Fair, Sept. 14-15.

### "Enough For Old Age."

An old man who for just fifty years had been employed about a Philadelphia hospital, at a salary that never rose above \$50 a month, decided the other day that he had strained his old bones and muscles long enough and is entitled to a little relaxation before he lies down in his long sleep. He is 68 years old.

For fifty years this man has never received more than \$30 a month—part of the time less. Yet, when he squared up with his employers the other day, there was coming to him the neat sum of \$7,300.

"It looks like enough for my old age," he said as he took it and added: "I haven't fooled much away."

His long steadiness had gained him years ago the nickname, "Old Method," and it surely fits him. Fifty years ago when he began to save from his small salary, so that he might have enough for his old age, he solved the whole question of social economy. He is an illiterate man, but he is as wise as Shakespeare, who said: "Enough is content."

When men and women realize that they are growing old and begin seriously to count up their garnered gains, it is doubtful if they can know of any more comforting thought than that so tersely expressed by this man: "I haven't fooled much away," or a more bitter one than that in their rash and improvident youth and prime they had frittered away in fleeting pleasures that which would have been the prop and stay and comfort of their old age.

It does not matter so much what the amount of money saved may be. In that time of waiting and reflection which we call old age, money in itself shrinks to a little thing. When the body wears out and the soul sits down in a world of memories it is the sacrifices made that become sweet, as the bitter juices extracted by the bee from the clover turn to honey in the hive.

It is then that the soul is softened and soothed and satisfied with memories of industry, saving and self denial, just as old wine is rich with the sparkle of the long-gone summer heat of the vineyard.

This old man, common servitor, ignorant and ill paid all his life, presents a good lesson to those who live in and for the pleasures of today only, fooling away their substance in youth and laying up for old age nothing but penury, suffering and—worse still—heart desolating memories.

The richest man or woman among us, and the poorest, may learn much of this old toiler. Riches take to themselves wings of many kinds, but none so fleet and sure as the insidious habit of fooling money away.—Owensboro Enquirer.

### Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 50 cents.

### Eighty-eighth Annual Meeting at Freedom Church.

The old Freedom church closed its regular annual meeting last week conducted by the Rev. White. This is the eighty-eighth annual meeting and Mrs. Betsy Compton is the only person living who was present at the organization of these "Second Sunday Meetings." She is 92 years old and remembers the first meeting.

These meetings in the old days attracted great crowds of people from every section of this county and Grayson. They camped on the grounds with their families and enjoyed a week's service of devotion and were enthused with powerful sermons which did great good to the community.

### ANOTHER VICTIM OF SPEED

Spencer Wishart Was Killed in the Elgin Road Race.

Elgin, Ill., Aug. 24.—Spencer Wishart, the famous race driver, was injured fatally in the Elgin national road race here Saturday, when his machine bolted from the course and turned a somersault into a tree and a picket fence. His mechanic, Joe Jenter, and five spectators were injured. Wishart was leading the field. He died shortly after the accident occurred.

### Atrocities Are Alleged.

London, Aug. 24.—The Serbian legation in London announces that Serbia has telegraphed to the Spanish minister at Bucharest, Roumania, accusing the Austrians of horrible atrocities. It is alleged that the Austrian commander ordered his troops to destroy the crops, burn villages and kill the inhabitants. The Serbian soldiers, it is said, are continually finding mutilated bodies of children, women and old men. Serbia has requested the Spanish minister to protest and to notify Austria that these atrocities would certainly draw reprisals.

### That Whitlock Story Denied.

Washington, Aug. 24.—A statement given out at the state department declares that Brand Whitlock, American minister to Belgium, had no instructions to tell the Germans occupying Brussels that the United States had taken the city under its protection for the purpose of seeing whether the rules of war were observed. The department has received no report from Mr. Whitlock bearing on the occupation of the Belgian capital.

### Simple Funeral For the Pope.

Rome, Aug. 24.—Never in 400 years has the funeral of a pope been so simple as that of Pius X. The ceremony occupied only fifteen minutes Sunday evening. Only diplomats, cardinals, officials and a few invited guests were present.

### Hossier in Trying Post.

Fort Wayne, Ind., Aug. 24.—Fort Wayne people are watching for some word from Antwerp from Henry Dietrich, American consular general in Belgium, whose headquarters are in that city, but whose home is in Ft. Wayne.

### WEATHER EVERYWHERE.

Observations of United States weather bureaus taken at 8 p. m. yesterday follow:

Temp.	Weather.
Boston..... 74	Clear
New York..... 74	Clear
Denver..... 54	Clear
San Francisco.. 50	Cloudy
St. Paul..... 65	Clear
Chicago..... 76	Rain
Indianapolis... 85	Pt. Cloudy
St. Louis..... 88	Cloudy
New Orleans... 78	Cloudy
Washington... 82	Cloudy

Fair.

### New Motor Cultivator.

A gasoline motor cultivator invented by W. E. Franks and W. O. Hoskins and built at the Owensboro Shovel and Tool Co.'s plant, was demonstrated by them on the Mike Scherm farm Tuesday, August 18. To the minds of those who have examined the cultivator and saw the test made on Mr. Scherm's farm, it is one of the greatest inventions of the age, especially to the agricultural world.

This invention will completely revolutionize the cultivation of corn, tobacco, cotton and small grain of this country, by putting a motor power cultivator in the hands of the small farmer at a small price.—Owensboro Enquirer.

Subscribe Today

## L. C. TAUL

Insurance Office  
Cloverport, Kentucky

Fire, Lightning, Tornado and Windstorm, Life, Accident, Health Insurance.

Old Reliable Companies

## Wo Pay Postage Both Ways

Anywhere in the U. S. A.

ORIGINAL  
PARCEL POST  
LAUNDRY  
LOUISVILLE

## Superior Sanitary LAUNDERING

30 YEARS IN BUSINESS

We pay the postage both ways on all packages 50c. or over. Work guaranteed first-class. Prompt deliveries in sanitary packages. Will credit you upon reference. Write for information. Better, still, send trial bundle.

Offices: 625 W. Jefferson St. LOUISVILLE, KY.

## Walls & Trent

Livery, Feed and Sale Stable

Bus Meets all Trains

Hardinsburg, Ky.

Now is the time to subscribe

HIGHEST MARKET VALUE PAID FOR  
HIDES & SKINS  
JOHN WHITE & CO.  
LOUISVILLE, KY.  
ESTABLISHED 1837

Try a News Want Ad.



Hotel Henry Watterson  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

The South's most popular priced, modern hotel. Absolutely fire-proof; situated in the very heart of the retail shopping district and near all the theatres.

Finest Cafe in Louisville, with moderate prices. Club Breakfast from 25c up; noon day Lunch 50c; table d'hôte Dinner, 6 to 8 p. m. \$1.00. Also elaborate a la carte service in Restaurant. Refreshments open from 4 p. m. to 1 a. m. Orchestral and vocal music.

### ROOM PRICES

With running water and private toilet \$1 per day  
With private bath \$1.50 up to \$3.00 per day  
Large sample rooms with private bath \$2.50 to \$3.50 per day.

You are cordially invited to make this hotel your headquarters while in Louisville, even if only for a day. Have your mail and packages addressed here. You will always be a welcome guest.  
ROBERT B. JONES, Manager.

## Want Ads. Bring Results

Subscriber Twenty-five Years.

Uncle Dan Dowell, of Gaston, is one of our oldest subscribers. He has been on our list for more than a quarter of a century and last week renewed again. He is eighty-eight years old and is as lively as a man of 40. He was at the Irvington barbecue and enjoyed the day immensely, shaking hands with old friends and neighbors.

Cure Old Sores, Other Remedies Won't Cure The worst cases, no matter how long standing, are cured by the wonderful, old reliable Dr. Fetter's Antiseptic Healing Oil. It relieves Pain and Itch at the same time. 25c, 50c, \$1.00.